

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 316.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1828.

[PRICE 2d.]

Malifax Church, Yorkshire.



(For the Mirror.)

THE fabric of the parish church of Halifax is entitled to a particular examination. Of the first, or Norman building, not a vestige remains. This seems to have been destroyed, either as being too small or dilapidated, about the time of Edward the First; for the windows of the north wall of the nave, surrounded by demi-cylindrical mouldings, and with only a single ramification, may be safely assigned to that age. This is the only remnant of the second church. It is evident, that when the plan of the third (the present edifice) was adopted, the parish, which had then the chapels of Eland and Heptonstall, must have become opulent as well as populous. Zeal, in those days, was never wanted. With respect to the precise time the work began, all evidence, internal as also external, concurs in fixing it at the time of Henry the Sixth, and the whole work to the incumbency of one vicar, Thomas Wilkinson. At the time of the endowment of the vicarage of Halifax, A.D. 1273, there must have been a glebe belonging to the parochial chapel there,

which was considered as part of the glebe of the rectory, and consequently of the rectory manor. From the foundation of the church up to the present time, a period of about 100 years, the benefice, though the advowson had been granted to the monks, was rectorial and presentative. Its wealth rendered it an object to foreigners, and other improper persons, who were obtruded on the pious monks, as they complained, by great men; meaning, doubtless, their own patrons, the Earls Warren. This is intimated in a certain part of the endowment itself:

"Hinc est quod cum matrix Ecclesia de Halifax, cum suis Capellis (the chapel of Eland, therefore, as well as Heptonstall, was then in existence) ab olim stetisset in regimine exterorum, qui lac & lanam potius quam salutem animarum avidius, appetentes curam spiritualem multis retro temporibus post tergum suum miserabiliter projeicerunt, propter ejus Ecclesias urbium fructum et provenit pinguedinem, frequenter clerici curiales (that is, practising lawyers in holy orders) et interdum alienigenae, qui lingua regni non noverant dictam Ecclesiam per oppressiones et potentes prin-

pum preces et manibus Conv. de Lewes
violentis communiationibus extorserunt,"
&c.

Of these useless, and too wealthy ecclesiastics, little is known. Mr. Watson, indeed, on what authority I know not, mentions an Adam de Copley, son of Hugh de Copley, of Copley, whose grandfather, Adam de Copley, was slain at the siege of York, A.D. 1070. Now, certainly, it is a fact capable of proof, that there might be an Adam, rector of Halifax, about the year 1130; reckoning, according to the order of nature, from his grandfather's death, and he might be born at Copley, but the age of local surnames was not yet. Nay, more, from the era at which he lived, and that of the foundation of the church, he might be the first rector; but, farther, conjecture itself cannot go; for in this tale of Adam de Copley, and his slaughter at York, the pedigree mongers have once more mounted into their favourite region—the clouds. The last rector, however, we know to have been William de Chameur, a Frenchman, who ceded the rectory of Halifax on being promoted to the bishopric of Lofon, in his native country. On his resignation the appropriation took place, and the prior and convent presented to the newly endowed vicarage one Ingolard de Turbard, who, after the celebration of high mass by Gilbert de Seto Leofardo, vicar-general to Archbishop Walter Gray, was solemnly inducted into the same, in the presence of Gilbert de Angell, rector of Thornhill; Thomas de Bolean, rector of Burstable; Thomas, rector of Heaton, then rural dean; and many others.

From this period, the succession of incumbents (with one or two exceptions) is clear and certain. The endowment of the vicarage was ample: from the extent of the parish, and the value of the patronage, the benefit has always been an object of ambition to considerable men; their memories have been well preserved; and there is, perhaps, no parish church in the kingdom, in which the arms of the incumbents have been continued through a period of more than 500 years.*

May 10, 1828. W. H. H.

DULCE DOMUM.

THIS old breaking-up song so usual at the Whitsuntide and other vacations, is perhaps, not generally known to be of so much antiquity as it really is. Mr. Bränd says, "it is doubtless of very remote anti-

* I must not be understood to mean, that any of these, excepting a few of the latest, are contemporary with the individuals which they record.

quity," and that "its origin must be traced not to any ridiculous tradition, but to the tenderest feelings of human nature." He refers to the *Gentleman's Magazine* of March, 1796, where a translation into English verse of the original Latin, first appeared, and calls it "a very spirited translation." Dr. Milne, in his *History of Winchester*, says the translation above referred to "appears best to convey the sense, spirit, and measure of the original—the former versions were unworthy of it." He says the real author of the song and the history of its composition are clouded with fables. The following is a copy of the English translation:

SWEET HOME.

SING a sweet melodious measure,
Waft enchanting lays around,
Home! a theme replete with treasure!
Home! a grateful theme resound!

CHORUS.

Home, sweet home! an ample treasure!
Home! with every blessing crown'd!
Home—perpetual source of pleasure!
Home! a noble strain resound.

JO! the joyful hour advances,
Happy season of delight,
Festal songs and festal dances
All our tedious toil requite.

Home, &c.

Leave, my wearied muse, thy learning,
Leave thy task, so hard to bear,
Leave thy labour, cease returning,
Leave this bosom, O! my care.

Home, &c.

See the year, the meadow, smiling,
Let us then a smile display,
Rural sports, our pain beguiling,
Rural pastimes call away.

Home, &c.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
And no longer loves to roam,
Her example thus impelling,
Let us seek our native home.

Home, &c.

Let our men and steeds assemble,
Panting for the wide campaign,
Let the ground beneath us tremble
While we scour along the plain.

Home, &c.

OH! what raptures, oh! what blisses,
When we gain the lovely gate!
Mothers' arms, and mothers' kisses,
Thee, our bleas'd arrival wait.

Home, &c.

Greet our household-gods with singing,
Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray:
Why, should light, so slowly springing?
All our promis'd joys delay?

Home, &c.

The tradition of the foregoing song is this; which the language of the lines in every degree corroborates. Upwards of

two hundred years ago, a scholar of St. Mary's College, Winchester, was confined for some misconduct, by order of the master, just previous to the Whitsuntide vacation, and was not permitted to visit his friends; but remained a prisoner in the college, "tied to a pillar." The reflections on the enjoyments of Home, caused him to compose the well-known "*Dulce Domum*." He however died soon after, "worn down with grief at the disgraceful situation he was in," as well as disappointment, and he never would have been immortalized, perhaps, but for this composition.

In commemoration of the event, the masters, scholars, and choristers of the above college, the evening preceding the Whitsun holidays, attended by a band of music, walk in procession round the court of the college, and the pillar to which it is alleged he was tied, and chant the Latin verses which he composed in his affliction.

In the year 1824, I think, a ballad entitled "*Sweet Home*," was, and still is, very popular in London, which is taken from the one before quoted.*

W. H. H.

SUPPLY OF WATER IN LONDON.

(From the Report, printed by order of the House of Commons.)

FOR the whole population, on both sides of the Thames, there are eight water-companies, all of whom, with the exception of two, (the two largest ones indeed,) take their supply from the Thames, though under different circumstances—some of them taking it up more and some less pure; some of them purifying it in cisterns, ere they send it out to the public, and others not.

1. *The New River Company* get their supply chiefly from the spring at Chadwell, between Hertford and Ware. It comes in an open channel of about forty miles in length, to reservoirs at Clerkenwell, which, the town having now stretched completely round it, must receive a considerable quantity of charcoal, coal-tar, and ammonia from the smoke. There are two reservoirs, having between them a surface of about five acres, and an average depth of ten feet. These reservoirs are eighty-four feet and a half above low-water mark in the Thames, and by means of steam-engines and a stand-pipe, an additional height of sixty feet can be given to the water, so that all the

* The music of this song, is by Bishop; but an old Sicilian air, almost its counterpart, is equally common on the continent.

mains belonging to this company are kept full by a considerable pressure of water. The highest service given by the New River, is the cistern on the top of Covent Garden Theatre. The aqueduct by which the water is brought has but little fall; thus it wastes by evaporation during the drought of summer, and is impeded by frost in the winter. At these times, the company pump an additional supply from the Thames at Broken Wharf, between the Blackfriars and Southwark Bridges. To this, however, they seldom have recourse; and their engine, which they have erected only since the works at London Bridge were broken down, has worked only 176 hours in the year. The New River Company supply 66,600 houses with water, at an average of about 1,100 hogsheads each in the year, or in all, about seventy-five millions of hogsheads annually.

2. *The East-London Water Works* are situated at Old Ford, on the river Lea, about three miles from the Thames, and a little below the point to which the tide flows up the Lea. By the act of parliament, this company must take its water when the tide runs up, and the mills below have ceased working. The water is pumped into reservoirs and allowed to settle; and a supply of 6,000,000 gallons is daily distributed to about 42,000 houses. This company supply no water at a greater elevation than thirty feet, and the usual height at which the delivery is made to the tenants, is six feet above the pavement; they have 200 miles of iron pipes, which in some places cost them seven guineas a yard. This and the New River are the only companies which do not draw their supply of water entirely from the Thames.

3. *The West Middlesex* derive their supply of water from the Thames at the upper end of Hammersmith, about nine miles and a half above London Bridge, and where the bed of the Thames is gravel. The water is forced by engines to a reservoir at Kensington, 309 feet long, 123 wide, and 20 deep; paved and lined with bricks, and elevated about 120 feet above low water in the Thames. They have another reservoir on Little Primrose Hill, about 70 feet higher, and containing 38,000 hogsheads of water, under the pressure of which the drains are kept charged, in case of fires. They serve about 15,000 tenants and the average daily supply is about 2,250,000 gallons.

4. *The Chelsea Water Works* derive their supply from the Thames, about a quarter of a mile east of Chelsea Hospital, and they have two reservoirs, one in the Green Park and another in Hyde Park,

—the former having an elevation of 44 feet, and the latter of 70. These reservoirs have never been cleaned, nor is any preparation made for that purpose in their construction. About one-third of the water served out by this company is allowed to settle in these reservoirs, and the remaining two-thirds are sent directly from the Thames. Latterly, however, the company have been making preparations for filtering the water, and also for allowing it to settle in reservoirs at Chelsea before it is delivered in the mains. The Chelsea Company serve about 12,400 houses, and the average daily supply is 1,760,000 gallons.

5. *The Grand Junction Company* derive, the whole of their supply from the Thames, immediately adjoining Chelsea Hospital; thence it is pumped without any filtration or settling into three reservoirs at Paddington. These reservoirs are about 71, 86, and 92 feet above the high-water mark in the Thames; their united contents are 19,355,840 gallons; and, by means of a stand-pipe, the water is forced to the height of 147 feet, or about 61 feet above the average reservoir: the number of houses supplied by the Grand Junction Company is 7,700, and the average daily supply is about 2,800,000 gallons.

These five companies supply the whole of London and its environs north of the Thames; while the buildings and works south of the river are supplied by the three following:—

6. *The Lambeth Company* take their supply from the Thames, between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges. It is drawn from the bed of the river by a

suction-pipe, and delivered to the tenants without being allowed to subside,—there being only a cistern of 400 barrels at the works, as a temporary supply, until the engines can be started. The greatest height to which the company force water is about 40 feet, the number of houses that they supply is 16,000, and the average service is 1,244,000 gallons daily.

7. *The South London or Vauxhall Company* take their supply from the river Thames by a tunnel, which is laid 6 feet below low-water mark, and as far into the river as the third arch of Vauxhall Bridge. At that particular place, the bed of the Thames is described as being always clean, and without any of those depositions of mud, and more offensive substances that are found in many other places. Besides the greater purity of the bed of the Thames here, than where any other company on the south side take their supply, the company allow the water to settle in reservoirs. The Vauxhall Company supply about 10,000 houses with about 1,000,000 gallons of water daily.

8. *The Southwark Water Works* (the property of an individual) are supplied from the middle of the Thames, below Southwark and London Bridges; and the water thus taken is sent out to the tenants without standing to settle or any filtration, further than that it receives from passing through wire grates and small holes in metallic plates. The number of houses supplied by these works is about 7,000, and the average daily supply about 720,000 gallons.

The elements of this supply will be better understood, by collecting the results into a table as follows:—

Companies.	Services.	Average per Day. Gallons.	Gallons Annually.	Average per House.
1. New River - -	67,000	13,000,000	4,056,000,000	182 +
2. East London - -	42,000	6,000,000	1,872,000,000	143 —
3. West Middlesex - -	15,000	2,250,000	702,000,000	150
4. Chelsea - - -	12,400	1,760,000	549,120,000	142 —
5. Grand Junction - -	7,700	2,800,000	873,600,000	363 +
6. Lambeth - - -	16,000	1,244,000	388,128,000	77 +
7. South London - -	10,000	1,000,000	312,000,000	100
8. Southwark - -	7,000	720,000	224,540,000	102 +
Total	183,100	28,774,000	8,977,388,000	157 +

Average per house north of the river 196 gallons.

Average ditto south - - - 93 gallons.

The total daily consumption of water, supplied by the companies, is, for all purposes, about 4,650,000 cubic feet, and

would require a circular pipe of about six feet in diameter, flowing at the rate of two miles an hour, without any interruption.

* (+) Means, that there is a fraction of a gallon more; (-) that there is a fraction less.

RECEIPT FOR SCOURING DROPS.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

(For the Mirror.)

From the pine that once flourished on Norway's
bleak hills,
The skill of the chemist a spirit distills;
From the lemon that grew in some grove in Na-
varre,
His art too an essence or oil can prepare;
Of the first, dearest Harriet, an ounce you may
take,
Of the latter, two drams, and you'll Scouring
Drops make.

G. C.

PETER ISNEL.

(For the Mirror.)

SIR,— In No. 304 of the MIRROR, you have inserted a curious epitaph on Peter Isnel, formerly clerk at Crayford church; and I therefore beg leave to hand you the subjoined information respecting that cheerful and eccentric man.

Peter Isnel, a leather cutter by trade, was the first person who observed the talents of James Pyne, the vocal performer, who, at the time Isnel was in the prime of life, sang treble in the choir at Crayford church. Though uneducated in the science of music, Isnel sang a song, after having practised it once or twice over, with so much energy and precision, that he could with confidence challenge the finest bass-singer in the whole county of Kent. But he was most celebrated for performing on the French horn;—he displayed such remarkable powers on that beautiful instrument, over most other men, that he has been frequently invited to perform at the London oratorios.

At an election in Kent, thirty years since, when Sir Edward Knatchbull and Mr. Honeywood were candidates, and when the Duke of Dorset canvassed for the former, Mr. Isnel, on account of his peculiar talents, was sent for by some of the duke's retainers to Sevenoaks, (where the contest was held,) to assist in the band. The duke's followers were seven hundred individuals in number, before whom Isnel sang some excellent songs, which were so highly approved of by the duke that he immediately honoured the performer with his particular favour.

During Isnel's situation as clerk at Crayford church, he was in the habit, every Sunday, of leaving his desk after chanting out "Amen," and proceeding to join the choristers in the gallery, returning again to his proper place when the psalm was ended and when his assistance was required by the clergyman.

At Crayford may be seen Mr. Isnel's portrait, for which the inhabitants of that place subscribed ten guineas.

G. W. N.

ORIGIN OF MUSIC AND THE LYRE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Hermes, or Mercury, of the Egyptians, surnamed Trismegistus, or Three Illustrious, who was, according to Sir Isaac Newton, the secretary of Osiris, is reported to have been the inventor of music, according to Apollodorus under the following circumstances:—"The Nile having overflowed its banks, and inundated the whole country of Egypt, on its return to its customary bounds, left on the shores various dead animals, and among the rest a tortoise, the flesh of which being dried and wasted by the sun, nothing remained within the shell but nerves and cartilages, and these being tightened and constructed by the drying heat, became sonorous; Mercury walking along the banks of the river happened to strike his foot against this shell, and was so pleased with the sound it produced, that the idea of the lyre suggested itself to his imagination. The first instrument he constructed was in the form of a tortoise, and was strung with the sinews of dead animals." There is something beautiful in this allegory which leads us into a conception of the energetic powers of the human mind in the early ages of the world, thus directed to discovery of the capabilities of nature by the finger of Omnipotence in the form of accident.

The first organ that was ever seen in Europe was sent to Charlemagne by the Caliph Haroun Alraschid. W. G. C.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES II.

(For the Mirror.)

SIR,—There are certain characters in the records of the world which stand like so many "damned spots" on the history of our species—whose enormities not unfrequently render us blind to better qualities with which they may have been associated. This reflection induces me to send you the following character of Charles II., which I met with a few days since in the *Memoirs of John Evelyn*, one of the most accurate journalists of his time, and more to be relied on from the circumstance of his Diary and Memoirs being a private notice of passing events, without any view to publication, and which, but for a lucky event, (related in Vol. I. of the MIRROR) would have been lost to the literary world. After relating the particulars of the death of Charles, "Thus," says Evelyn, "died king Charles II. of a vigorous and robust constitution, and in all appearance promising a long life. He was a prince of many

virtues, and many imperfections ; debonaire, easy of access, not bloody, nor cruel ; his countenance fierce, his voice great, proper of person, every motion became him ; a lover of the sea, and skilful in shipping ; not affecting other studies, yet he had a laboratory, and knew of many empirical medicines, and the easier mechanical mathematics ; he loved planting and building, and brought in a politer way of living, which passed to luxury and intolerable expense. He had a particular talent in telling a story, and facetious passages of which he had innumerable ; this made some buffoons and vicious wretches too presumptuous and familiar, not worthy the favour they abused. He tooke delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him, and lie in his bedchamber, where he often suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and indeed made the whole court nasty and stinking. He would doubtlesse have ben an excellent prince, had he ben less addicted to women, who made him uneasy, and allways in want to supply their unmeasurable profusion, to the detriment of many indigent persons who had signally serv'd both him and his father. He frequently and easily chang'd favourites, to his grete prejudice. As to other public transactions and unhappy miscarriages, 'tis not here I intend to number them ; but certainly never had king more glorious opportunities to have made himselfe, people, and all Europe, happy, and prevented innumerable mischiefs, had not his too easy nature resign'd him to be manag'd by crafty men, and some abandon'd and profane wretches, who corrupted his otherwise sufficient parts, disciplin'd as he had been by many afflictions during his banishment, which gave him much experience and knowledge of men and things : but those wicked creatures took him off from all application becoming so greate a king. The history of his reigne will certainly be the most wonderfull for the variety of matter and accidents, above any extant in former ages : the sad tragical death of his father, his banishment and hardships, his miraculous restauration, conspiracies against him, parliaments, wars, plagues, fires, comets, revolutions abroad happening in his time, with a thousand other particulars. He was ever kind to me," adds this grateful and loyal man, " and very gracious upon all occasions, and therefore I cannot, without ingratitude, but deplore his losse, which for many respects as well as duty, I do with all my soul."

The concluding sentiments of this "character" ought to be written in let-

ters of gold ; for we know they are the feelings of an upright man and a good Christian, whose sense of his own weakness taught him to allow for the failings of others.

PHILO.

THE EFFECTS OF LIGHT UPON ANIMALS, VEGETABLES, AND MINERALS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

THE physical properties of light are extremely curious, as is well known to all those skilled in Optics ; its chemical effects upon most parts of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, are not less worthy of observation. Vegetables, flowers, plants, &c. are principally indebted to light, not only for their colour, but also for their *taste* and *fragrance*. Many of them seem to follow the course of the sun ; and it is remarkable, that plants, which are usually kept in the house, appear, as it were, solicitous to get at the light ; those, again, which are placed entirely in the shade are pale and colourless, and hence some gardeners avail themselves of this fact to render vegetables white and tender. The more plants are exposed to the light, the more brilliant their colours. From this cause, we find, that hot climates are the native countries of perfumes, odoriferous fruits, aromatic splices, &c.

The action of light upon the organs of vegetables, causes them to throw out streams of *pure* air, while they are exposed to the sun ; but when, on the contrary, they have been long in the shade, air of a *noxious* quality is emitted.

Animals who are deprived of light for a long period, generally droop, become sickly, lose the brightness of colour which their coats had previously possessed, and ultimately die. Nor can it be questioned that light is of the utmost importance to the health of human beings. Birds that inhabit the southern, or tropical climates, have a much greater brilliancy of plumage than those of the northern ; and the same is equally true with regard to insects.

Another strong proof that Light conduces much towards the colours of substances, may be seen in fishes ; for we find that those parts of fish which are exposed to the light (such as the back, fins, &c.) are invariably coloured ; whereas the belly, which is deprived of light, is *white* in all of them.

All metallic oxydes, but especially those of mercury, bismuth, lead, silver, and gold, acquire a deeper colour by exposure to the rays of the sun ; some of them become perfectly revived, others only par-

tially. The yellow oxyde of Tungsten, if exposed to the light, loses in weight, and turns *blue*. Again, the green precipitate of iron, when exposed to the solar light, becomes also blue.

Light has likewise a very considerable influence upon the crystallization of salts. Indeed, some of them will not crystallize at all, except they be exposed to the light. Camphor, kept in glass bottles, usually crystallizes in symmetrical figures, upon that side of the phial which has been so exposed.

There are certain bodies which, after exposure to the light, appear to combine therewith, and afterwards to emit it when put in the dark. Several substances of this nature have been prepared by chemists, as the phosphorus of Canton, Baldwin, Homberg, and the Bolognian phosphorus.

Various animals and vegetables appear to have this phosphoric property : among others, the *glow-worm* is a remarkable instance. Dead fish, rotten sea-weeds, putrid bodies, and a vast number of insects, appear also to possess this property in greater or less degree.

JACOBUS.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

WITCHCRAFT.

(*For the Mirror.*)

HATH not this present parliament,
A ledger to the devil sent,
Fully empower'd to treat about,
And find revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year
Hang'd threescore of them in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And some for sitting above ground,
Whole nights and days upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green-peas and turkey-chicks,
Or pigs that suddenly deceas'd,
Of griefs unnatural—as be guess'd.

HUDIBRAS.

WITCHCRAFT ! does there exist a believer in witchcraft in 1828 ? Doubtless, exclaims the reader. Yes, I maintain that though the "march of mind" is making sad inroads on the "wisdom of our ancestors," yet several instances within the last three years will bear out my assumption, that a belief in witchcraft still prevails amongst the peasantry of our native country to a considerable extent. I allude to those cases where the offenders were brought to the bar of public justice. The swimming case in Suffolk in 1825 must be fresh in the minds of my readers. Leaving these "modern instances," which

form no part of the object of the present paper, I shall proceed briefly to trace the origin of witchcraft, with such anecdotes as may be required to season the subject for the general reader.

The progress of intellect in the human race towards perfection, during the last century, has certainly been much more rapid than could have been expected. The "simplicity of old times" consisted in a great measure of a sort of gloomy dogmatism and obtuseness of intellect, the fetters of which happily have lost their effect on mankind. "That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds uprose in diabolical revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful, innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen, when no wind was stirring," remarks a popular writer, "were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood." In short, the age of superstition has passed away—the light of philosophy, so discordant to the lover of witchcraft or a ghost story, has burst in and "scattered them to the winds," and we are no longer troubled and tormented with the flight of wizards on broomsticks, or the visitation of "black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, with all their trumpery." A witch, according to old descriptions, was generally blessed with a "wrinkled face, a furrow brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, a scolding tongue, a ragged coat on her back, a scull-cap on her head, a spindle in her hand, and a dog or cat by her side;" and Lord Coke pitifully describes a "witch to be a person that hath *conference with the devil*, to consult with him or to do some act." In former times the most eminent men and philosophers (Sir Thomas Browne for instance) were not proof against the prevailing opinions. A contemporary writer observes, that one would imagine that the establishment of Protestantism would have conduced to the abolition of this lamentable and pernicious credulity. But the Reformation did not arrive with great rapidity at its full extent, and the belief in witchcraft long continued to "overspread the land." Indeed it has been proved by Hutchinson, in his *Essay on Witchcraft*, that the change of religion at first rather augmented than diminished the evil. A degree of importance, hardly credible in these times, was attached to it ; and in the sixteenth century the unbelievers were accounted "Sadduces, Atheists, and Infidels." One of the most eminent divines of his day, a strenuous advocate of the belief in witchcraft, cha-

racterises them thus in the most forcible language. *O tempora!*

It is not surprising, therefore, that the supposed dabblers in the infernal art were hunted out and exposed to the most dreadful cruelty and oppression, not only from those who imagined they had suffered under their charms, but from the very laws of the realm also. The first trial of any note took place in 1593. Three persons, old Samuel and his wife and daughter Agnes, were condemned at Huntington, before Mr. Justice Fenger, for bewitching a Mr. Throgmorton's family, &c.

A few years after an advocate for this belief appeared from no less a quarter than the throne itself. King James I. in his *Demonical Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, a work which so completely unmasked the whole machinery, and was a storehouse of facts on the subject. The infection commenced at the throne, soon reached the parliament, and (as it has been observed the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion) a statute was passed in the first year of king James, having for its object (as expressed in the preamble) "the more effectual punishment of those detestable slaves of the devil, witches, sorcerers, enchanters, and conjurors." The statute is worded with great care, and contains many clauses which our limits forbid inserting, but which include every description of the "crime." The punishment was enacted to be the pillory for the first offence, (even though its object were not effected,) and death for the second. "Thus was the detestable doctrine established both by law and fashion; and it became not only unpolite, but criminal to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire where their number was greater than that of the houses." There was dreadful havoc in that county after this law had passed. Lancashire has always been remarkable for the number of its witches.

Though the information we have to go upon cannot of course be considered as very accurate, yet it has been ascertained that between the commencement of the statute in question (1602) and the year 1701, in the space of one century, three thousand one hundred and ninety-two persons, whose age, poverty, or infirmities rendered them objects of attention, were executed for the crimes of witchcraft and sorcery. The act alluded to was rigor-

ously enforced during this period, and the above calculation is probably very much under the mark, and does not include the numbers that were tried on suspicion; but acquitted for want of sufficient proof of the charges alleged against them. The most trivial and frivolous circumstances were sufficient to commence a persecution against the unfortunate objects of suspicion, and their trials were conducted in the most summary manner. In that respect there is a striking similarity between this epoch and the reign of terror in France.

In 1634 seventeen Pendle-forest witches were condemned in Lancashire, by the infamous contrivances of a boy only eleven years of age and his father. Amongst other charges equally wonderful and ridiculous, this little villain deposed that a greyhound was transformed by their agency into "one Dickenson's wife," &c. These poor creatures, however, obtained a reprieve, and were sent to London, where they were first viewed and examined by his majesty's physicians and surgeons, and then by "his majesty himself and the council." The result was that the boy's contrivances were exposed and properly punished. In 1664, Alice Hudson, who was burnt at York, said she received money from the devil, ten shillings at a time.

In the same year the most singular trial which has been recorded took place before Chief Justice Hale at Bury-St. Edmunds. Notwithstanding the acknowledged piety and learning of this eminent character, he was as credulous, and followed as nearly as possible in the footsteps of the most unrelenting of his precursors. I regret I cannot find room for the details of this remarkable trial, which ended in the conviction and execution of Amy Duny and Rose Callender. There were thirteen indictments against the prisoners, which all consisted of charges of the most frivolous nature; but Sir T. Browne, of Norwich, decided the matter on being asked for his opinion, which is so remarkable that I shall give it in the next paper on this subject. Lord Hale would not sum up, but left the case to the jury, praying "that the great God of heaven would direct their hearts in this weighty matter."

Familiars, or "imps," were indispensable to a witch, and generally were supposed to appear in the shape of a dog, cat, mouse, weasel, rat, &c. A familiar was commonly thought to have been the spirit of a departed witch:

"————— I am shunned
And hated like a sickness— made a scorn

To all degrees and sexes, I have heard old
bedsames
Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,
Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,
That have appear'd and suck'd (some say) their
blood;
But, by what means they came acquainted with
them,
I am now ignorant."

WITCH OF EDMONTON.

The ceremony of initiation to their direful vocation consisted of a direct compact with the devil *in propriâ personâ*. I shall furnish a singular description of it in the next paper.

Much has been said and written on the possibility of raising his Satanic majesty. However, the potentate has sometimes favoured us mortals with a visit unasked. It is related that Mr. White, of Dorchester, the assessor to the Westminster Assembly, was one night visited by the arch-fiend himself, who met with reception that must have astonished him in no slight degree. "The devil, in a light night, stood by his bed-side. The assessor looked awhile whether he would say, or do any thing; and then said, 'If thou hast nothing to do, I have,' and so turned himself to sleep." Several erudite scholars have advocated the possibility of raising him; and Defoe, who has paid more attention to the "devil's circumstances and proceedings with mankind" than any other individual, tries to prove, that "although we can hardly suppose that the master-devil comes himself at the summons of every ugly old woman," yet, there are several "emissaries, aids-de-camp, or devil's angels, who come and converse personally with witches, and are ready for their support and assistance on all occasions of business." The story of St. Dunstan conversing with and taking the devil by the nose with a pair of red-hot pincers is well known in the annals of fame.

I regret to inform my fair readers, that the origin of that elegant accomplishment, *waltzing*, is derived from the orgies of the devils and witches during the ceremony of initiation, who on those occasions never failed to dance. Each had a broom-stick in her hand, and held it up aloft. "Also that these night-walking, or rather night-dancing devils brought out of Italy into France that dance which is called *La Volta*." See Bodin in his *Lib. de Demonomania*, and Scot's *Discoverie*. This is certainly the origin of the modern waltz; and that it should take its derivation from so diabolical a source is much to be lamented. Some, however, have endeavoured to trace the waltz from certain feasts of Bacchus, called *Orgia*.

We alluded in a former article* to the wonderful property which witches are still supposed to possess of raising and assuaging storms and tempests; those of Norway have long been celebrated for their knotted strings, &c. It is related that a witch was once promised pardon if she would exhibit her power in raising winds and tempests. She went out into the fields, in the presence of the "commissioners against witchcraft," &c., and dug a pit with her own hands, into which she poured some water, constantly stirring it. Soon after there arose a dense vapour, which covered the spot, and the most vivid lightning and thunder were seen and heard to proceed from it. The spectators began to think their latter day was approaching, when "she asked the commissioners in what spot the cloud should discharge a great number of stones? They pointed to a place at some distance, and lo! the cloud of a sudden began to move itself with a great and furious blustering of winds; and in a short space coming over the place appointed, it discharged many stones, like a violent shower, just within the compass thereof." I have already exceeded my limits, and must conclude for the present.

VVYYAN.

* See MIRROR, page 56, vol. xi.

The Anecdote Gallery.

FAT FOLKS.

MR. WADD, who, a few months since, published a little volume of Mem's and Maxims, has contributed an interesting paper to the last No. of Brande's *Journal*, entitled *Comments on Corpulency*, in which occur the following anecdotal illustrations:—

Among the grievous calamities incident to corpulency, is its susceptibility of contagion, and its proneness to combustion. The Margravine of Bareuth notices a fat French princess who melted after she was embalmed. I have since discovered, in the Chronicles of Cromwell's time, that these combustible materials in man, were turned to good account in those days, and that a woman who kept a tallow chandler's shop in Dublin, made all her best candles from the fat of Englishmen, and when one of her customers complained of their not being so good as usual, she apologized by saying, "Why, ma'am, I am sorry to inform you, that, for this month past, I have been short of Englishmen."

Another inconvenience to which the corpulent must submit, is the absolute prohibition from horsemanship, and the

difficulty of transportation from place to place, which may be illustrated by the following anecdotes, of late occurrence :

Mr. B—, of Bath, a remarkably large, corpulent, and powerful man, wanting to go by the mail, tried for a place a short time before it started. Being told it was full, he still determined to get admission, and opening the door, which no one near him ventured to oppose, he got in. When the other passengers came, the ostler reported that there was a gentleman in the coach ; he was requested to come out, but having drawn up the blind, he remained quiet. Hearing, however, a consultation on the means of making him alight, and a proposal to "pull him out," he let down the blind, and laying his enormous hand on the edge of the door, he asked, who would dare to pull him out, drew up the blind again, and waiting some time, fell asleep. About one in the morning he awoke, and calling out to know whereabouts he was on the journey, he perceived, what was the fact, that to end the altercation with him, the horses had been put to another coach, and that he had spent the night at the inn-door at Bath, where he had taken possession of the carriage.

A similar occurrence took place lately at Huddersfield. A gentleman went to a proprietor of one of the coaches to take a passage for Manchester; but, owing to the enormous size of his person, he was refused, unless he would consent to be taken as lumber, at 9d. per stone, hinting at the same time the advantage of being split in two. The gentleman was not to be disheartened by this disappointment, but adopted the plan of sending the ostler of one of the inns to take a place for him, which he did, and, in the morning, wisely took the precaution of fixing himself in the coach, with the assistance of the by-standers, from whence he was not to be removed easily. Thus placed, he was taken to his destination. The consequence was, on his return, he was necessitated to adopt a similar process, to the no small disappointment of the proprietors, who were compelled to convey three gentlemen, who had previously taken their places, in a chaise, as there was no room beside this gentleman, who weighs about thirty-six stone !

In enumerating the little miseries of the corpulent, their exposure to ridicule should not be forgotten. Even the austerity of Queen Elizabeth could relax into a joke, on the fat Sir Nicholas Bacon, whom she was classically pleased to define as "Vir præpinguis," observing "right merrilie," "Sir Nicholas's soul

lodged well." The good-humoured antiquary, Grose, was earnestly entreated by a butcher to say, "he bought his meat of him!" "God bless you, sir," said the paviers to the enormous Cambridge professor, as he passed over their work. Christopher Smart, the translator of Horace, celebrated the three fat beadle's of Oxford ; and the fat physician, Dr. Stafford, was not allowed to rest in his grave without a witticism :

"Take heed, O good trav'ller, and do not tread hard.

For here lies Dr. Stafford, in all this church-yard."

Our good King Edward IV. even made a practical joke with the Corporators of London ; for when he invaded France, in 1475, he took care to be accompanied by some of the most corpulent Aldermen of London, "*Les bourgeois de Londres les plus charges de ventre,*" that the fatigues of war might the sooner incline them to call out for peace.

Many illustrious cases might have been found in France equal to the specimens Edward took with him, even among royal and noble persons — of which Charles the Fat, Louis le Gros, Sanctius Crassus, and "Corpus Poetarum," the fat poetic Elector of Cologne, were notable instances.

In the court of Louis XV. there were two very fat noblemen, the Duke de L—, and the Duke de N—. They were both at the levee one day, when the king began to rally the former on his corpulency: "You take no exercise, I suppose," said the king. "Pardon me, sire," said de L—, "I walk twice a day round my cousin de N—." Nor ought we to omit, among other minor personal disadvantages of these great personages, the expense of clothing ; and the inconvenience that has been known to arise from the likeness of one fat man to another, which, during the search for Georges, in France, harassed all the fat people from one end of Gaul to the other.

YOUTH OF MR. CANNING.

THERE was formerly a debating club which boasted, for a short time, a brighter assemblage of talent than is usually found to flourish in societies of this description. Its meetings, which took place once a month, were held at the Clifford-street Coffee-house, at the corner of Bond-street. I recollect it perfectly, and once or twice attended there as a visiter. In some recent biographical sketches of the late Mr. Canning, it has been erroneously placed in another part of the town. Besides the illustrious statesman, for whom

the universal sorrows of England have been recently shed, the debaters were chiefly Mackintosh, Richard Sharpe, a Mr. Olyett Woodhouse, Charles Moore, son of the celebrated traveller, and Lord Charles Townshend, fourth son of the factious and eccentric marquis. The great primitive principles of civil government were then much discussed. It was before the French Revolution had "brought death into the world and all its woe."

At the Clifford-street Society, Canning generally took what, in modern phraseology, is called the "liberal side" of these questions; and he entered into its discussions with the ardour and animation of his usual temperament. Canning's earliest prepossessions are well known to have inclined to this side; but he evidently considered the society rather as a school of rhetorical exercise, where he might acquire the use of his weapons, than a forum, where the serious profession of opinions, and a consistent adherence to them, could be fairly expected of him. I remember being there, when the question for debate was "the justice and expediency of resuming the ecclesiastical property of France?" Before the debate began, Canning had taken some pains to ascertain on which side the majority of the members seemed inclined to speak, and, finding that they were generally in favour of the resumption, he expressed his fears that the unanimity of sentiment would spoil the discussion, and volunteered to speak against it. He did so, and it was a speech, I well recollect, of considerable power, chiefly in reply to the opener, who, in a set discourse of some length, had asserted the revocable conditions of the property of the church, which being created, he said, by the state, remained ever after at its disposition. Canning denied the proposition that ecclesiastical property was the creature of the state. He contended, that though it might be so in a new government, yet speaking historically, the great as well as lesser ecclesiastical fiefs were coeval with the crown of France, frequently strong enough to maintain fierce and not unequal conflicts with it, and certainly not in their origin emanations from its bounty. The church, he said, came well dowered to the state, who was now suing for a divorce, in order to plunder her pin-money. He contended that the church property stood on the same basis, and ought to be protected by the same sanctions, as private property. It was originally, he said, accumulated from the successive donations with which a pious benevolence sought to enrich the foun-

tains, from which spiritual comfort was to flow to the wretched, the poor, the forsaken. He drew an energetic sketch of Mirabeau, the proposer of the measure, by whose side, he remarked, the worst characters in history, the Cleons, the Catilines, the Cetheguses of antiquity, would brighten into virtue. He said that the character of the law-giver tainted the law. It was proffered to the National Assembly by hands hot and reeking from the cells of sensuality and vice; it came from a brain inflamed and distended into frenzy by habitual debauchery. These are, of course, but faint sketches of this very early specimen of Canning as a speaker. I despair of recalling a single trait of the humour and the irony with which he delighted his auditors. It is sufficient to observe that he displayed nearly the same powers of plausibility and of humour, which in a maturer period of his career have so often enlivened the dulness of debate, and softened the exasperations of party. He was, indeed, less rapid, and more measured in his elevation; sometimes impeded in flow, probably from too fastidious a selection of words; but it was impossible not to predict that at no very distant period he would rise into high distinction as a parliamentary speaker. He was then the most handsome man about the town; and his fine countenance glowed, as he spoke, with every sentiment which he uttered. It was customary, during the debates at the Clifford-street senate, for pots of porter to be introduced by way of refreshment. Canning, in his eloquent tirade against Mirabeau, handled the peculiar style of the Count's oratory with great severity. The president had, during this part of Canning's speech, given a signal for a pot of porter, which had been brought in and placed before him. It served Canning for an illustration. "Sir," said he, "much has been said about the gigantic powers of Mirabeau. Let us not be carried away by the false jargon of his philosophy, or imagine that deep political wisdom resided in tumid and decorated diction. To the steady eye of a sagacious criticism, the eloquence of Mirabeau will appear to be as empty and vapid as his patriotism. It is like the beverage that stands so invitingly before you—foam and froth at the top, heavy and muddy within!" *New Month. Mag.*

PRESERVATION OF FLOWERS.

A FEW grains of salt dropped into the water in which flowers are kept, tends greatly to preserve them from fading, and will keep them fresh and in bloom, double the period that pure water will.

Retrospective Cleanings.

ANCIENT ROMAN WATER-WORKS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

THE Aquæducts of Rome were, without question, (says Kennett,) some of the noblest designs of the old Romans. Sextus Julius Frontinus, a Roman author, and a person of consular dignity, who has compiled a whole treatise on the subject, affirms them to be the clearest token of the grandeur of the empire. The first invention of them is attributed to Appius Claudius, A. U. C. 441, who brought water into the city by a channel of eleven miles in length. But this was very inconsiderable to those that were afterwards carried on by the emperors and other persons, several of which were cut through the mountains, and all other impediments, for above forty miles together; and of such a height, that a man on horseback, as Procopius informs us, might ride through them without the least difficulty. But this is meant only of the constant course of the channel; for the vaults and arches were in some places 109 feet high. Procopius makes the Aquæducts but fourteen; Victor has enlarged the number to twenty. In the names of them the waters only were mentioned; as Aqua Claudia, Aqua Appia, &c.

The Aquæducts were reckoned among the wonders of ancient Rome.—Pliny, in his Natural History, says, “If we consider the incredible quantity of water brought to Rome for the uses of the people, for fountains, baths, fish-ponds, private houses, garden and country seats; if we represent to ourselves the arches constructed at a great expense, and carried on through a long distance, mountains levelled, rocks cut through, and valleys filled up, it must be acknowledged that there is nothing in the whole world more wonderful. For 440 years the Romans contented themselves with the waters of the Tiber, and of the wells and fountains in the city and its neighbourhood. But when the number of houses and inhabitants was considerably augmented, they were obliged to bring water from remote places by means of aquæducts.” These aquæducts were under the care and direction, first of the censors and ædiles, and afterwards of particular magistrates, called “Curatores Aquarum” instituted by Agrippa. Messala was one of these curatores in the reign of Augustus, and Frontinus held the same office in that of Nerva. In the space of 24 hours, Rome received from these aquæducts no less

than 500,000 hogsheads of water. Frontinus tells us of nine that emptied themselves through 13,514 pipes, of an inch in diameter. In the canals of the aquæducts, there were cavities into which the water was precipitated, and where it remained till its mud was deposited; and ponds in which it might purify itself.

P. T. W.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A FEW LONDONISMS.

(*From the Monthly Magazine.*)

WHEN one is in prosperity, has plenty to do and to spend, it is difficult to conceive that the cup of pleasure could be more full and sweet than it is in London.

There is no companionship for man in woods, wilds, or waters. They smile not to your smile; they answer not to your inquiry; and, if you tell them the tale of your joy or your woe, they do not sympathize, but mock, or repeat your words, in the same cold tone of indifference or derision as the dull echo of a charnel-house. What should an active and rational man care for them? Wood! why the very first idea that it suggests is that of a gallows. Water!—bah! Give me the sparkler and the bee’s-wing. No liquids for me but those that “ascend me into the brain,” that “lap me in Elysium,” till all the brilliancy of a London dining-room, and all the beaming visages around me, be tripled and quadrupled. Empty me every rill and runnel, and let them mingle in champagne; then the sound of their gurgling would be celestial. Pump me the brine out of the sea; then let its yeasty ridges roll port and claret, and a—fig for shipwreck. The music of the groves! Psha! owls and hurdy-gurdies! Stephens, and Caradori, and Paton, and Vestris—these are the nightingales for me! Much meets the ear, and more—ay, far more is meant. And then the glorious roll of the orchestra, to call you to life again, after you have died in rapture at the songs!—Who that could engage these things would care a single straw for the gabble of jays, or the chatter of chaffinches, or even the cold streams, with all the hissing and hideousness of their swans and geese?

Who that has a soul in him would care three straws, or the half of one straw, for the billet-doux which the bee carries from the male ash to the female; the leers and loving looks of a couple of jacks, or gudgeons, or red mullets; or the sighs and

soft sayings of a brace of tender eels in the ooze of a stagnant puddle? Put a hook in the jaws of the rascals; never mind how the thing with which you bait that hook may wriggle—it is but a worm, a grub, or a minnow, and has no business to feel pain. Put a hook in the jaws of the rascals; drag them out; bring them to London; send them to school at Bleaden's, or to the professor in the *proper* London University in St. James's-street, till they be fit for appearing in genteel company; and then they may be worth the courting—but not till then.

As for the country generally, or any where, why, what is it? An honest Scotchman describes it all when he describes his own—"unco' gude to cummoot o'." It is nothing but the *fruges* which the town is *consumere natus*.

The loneliness, the life, the love, and all the fine things of the country, exist only in the poet's eye, or the painter's brush: when they are in the former, truly it is

—“in a fine frenzy rolling:”

and when the latter gives it you as a study “from nature,” at Somerset-House, or in Suffolk-street, he says truth—it is *from* nature—far from it—and therefore it pleases. You admire the ultramarine, and the amber, and the bistro, and the king's yellow; and you do so, because you (fancy you) see the country, and (in fact) do not smell it. Even the sight, without the odour, could not delight you, if there were nothing in the show-room but what had been produced by the brush. Calcott, or Collins, or Constable (it is curious that the names of so many country copyists should commence with C) might beat Capability himself. Ward might leave Phalaris twenty generations behind, in the matter of brazen bulls; but, if it were not for the living pictures—the something more than mere eye-servants that move there—rats and mice might hold undivided sway—at least for me. When Major Heels (or what is it you call him?) galloped eighteen hundred miles across the country, *Los Pampas*, under the southern cross, and burst out into heroics at the sight of the sun setting over the Cordillera of the Andes, that was a fine answer which he got from the Cornish miner. “What can be more delightful than that?” said the Major, leaning forward on the pommel of his saddle, and gaping wide at the great lump of cold rock. “Them things as wears aprons,” replied the miner; and the Major galloped on, without another word. Take “them things as wears aprons” away from the exhibition, and even Lawrence himself

might go to St. James's-park, and play at ducks-and-drakes with his palette upon the newly-twisted Serpentine.

Be but in a condition to command, and a mood to enjoy, and the services of a whole million of people are at your beck and welcome. Ransack your memory, rack your invention, for an object with which to be gratified, and it is only

“Cupido ut habes—et habes.”

Yes I say, course over every land; sail over every sea; be frozen with Parry, roasted with Clapperton, or, more dreadful than all, “eaten by fleas at Stony Stratford;” be a traveller who has more glory than name; go up in balloons—down in diving-bells; fly over the Alps, or tunnel it under the Atlantic;—why, what do you get by that? Pain—sheer, unmingled pain—without an atom of pleasure; and if you are a wise man, and your pulse, as that of every man really wise should do, beats to the tune of “*Carpe diem*,” you had better take the counsel which that sage Ulysses, Sheridan, gave to his son, when he was to descend the coal-pit just for the sake of saying that he had been there—“Say that you have been there, Tom; but stay here, and enjoy yourself.”

THE LIGHT O'LOVE.

As long as she's constant,
So long I'll prove true;
And then if she changes,—
Why so can I too!

I CARE not that her look is gay,
And that her step is light;
And that she leaves the hunt by day,
And leads the dance by night;
That she can come to any call,
And sing to any key;
And be as beautiful to all,
As she has been to me.

I care not that her lips are mute,
And flush'd her beaming brow,
When other fingers wake the lute,
Which mine are wearying now;
I care not that her whine repays
The music and the line,
With brighter smile and warmer praise
Than e'er she gave to mine.

Ay, press her hand!—my gift may gleam
Around its whiteness yet;
But you may well forgive the dream,
Which she can so forget;
I loved her only for the dress
Of chance and change she wore;
And trust me I should love her less,
If she could love me more!

New Monthly Mag.

LORD MAYER'S DAY.

ALDERMEN chattering, plates loudly clattering,
Sauces bespattering, bumping and battering,
Some hurry-scurry worry for curry,
Venison and widgeon, turtle and pigeon,
Dishes of olio, wafers in folio,
John Dories and mullets, chicks, capons, and
pullets,

Quails, ortolans, teal, pies of truffles and veal,
How they gobble and gash the fat capon,
That slips down the throttle, like a melted green-
bottle :
Fish, flesh, fowl, and jellies, thus crammed in
their bellies,
How many a stomach, disturb'd with a rum ach,
Will have cause to remember the ninth of No-
vember !
Hark! bark! to the popping of corks, and the
slipping
Of sparkling champagne, as it froths up amain,
While tradesmen from Wapping, their dia-
phragms popping,
With censure will follow each bumper they
swallow.
Mr. Deputy Jarvis, here's to ye, my sarvice!
How like you this Rhenish?—Betwixt and be-
tweenish—
Is it Hock or Moselle? who the devil can tell?
What, call this Madeira! 'Tis all a chimera.
It's Cape, or else made in the Op'r Colonade.
And yet I prefer it to vinegar Claret.
There's nothing, I think, for a German to
drink.—
Please to charge all your glasses—a bumper—
"The lasses!"—
The King—three times three—Hip! hip! follow
me.
The noise and the music now make not a few
sick,
And how many made sicker by surfeits and
liquor,
Will have cause to remember the ninth of No-
vember!

Ibid.

COOKING A STEAK.

Ask the most miserably ignorant slattern of all London if she can cook a steak; she tells you, "Yes," contemns your admonitions, and brings you up at last a strip of flesh, on one side black, and bloody on the other, that seems as it were torn from the unhappy flanks of a roasting victim of the Ashantees; nay, in how many instances throughout all London does one meet with what is truly, verily, and worthily a good rump steak? Not ten.—How many requisite considerations should precede the hope of such a piece of simple excellence? The age, the country, and the pasture of your beef; an accurate certificate of its slaughter; the peculiar cut of the rump, (at least the fifth from the commencement;) the nature of your fire; the construction and elevation of your gridiron; the choice of your shalot; the masterly precision of your oyster-sauce, (if such a thing you use,) in which the essence of the simmered, but completely penetrated, fish is thoroughly transfused throughout the well-proportioned liquid that involves it. Let no unholy hand profane with pepper—and better were it too if salt were also interdicted from—your broiling steak. It is to be a work of doric plainness and propriety; the gourmand of experience has at command "appliances and means to boot," that might make it "dinner for a king!" Quot homines, tot sententiae. Where is your Quin, your Hervey, Bur-

ges, and Mogol? Where your walnut-ketchup? Lambert's only in legitimate. What! dost thou not warm each, before committed to the pure, hot, effluent gravy of your steak? which, once congealed, assails the palate with a fatal apathy, and nullifies the palatine susceptibility. Let the ambitious cook attempt to give perfection to his steak by the appurtenance of wafers, thin as the ranks of patriots, and crisp as courtiers' oaths. Although the inexperienced *gourmand* should recoil, when he is told the miracle of pleasure must be found in the necromantic application of downright assafetida.

Here is indeed an article, which many cooks would fear to class among their list of esculents; but which, when governed by the genius of a *chef*, becomes a very mighty agent in the principle of savour. It is, in fact, the grand distinction of the Gastronome of modern times, to bring within the scope of human purposes, by the exertion of his skill, such viands as in the darkness of his art were utterly rejected by the gustation of unlearned purveyors.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

The Selector;

AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

MEMORABLE EVENTS OF 1814.

THESE are now becoming matters of history, and we are glad to witness a liberal attempt lately made to throw them into a library volume, as the *Journal of a Détenus*, which has been given to the world under the editorship of Mr. Britton. Of course, many of the details of these "events" are fresh in our memories, although fourteen years of incidents have crowded on us since their occurrence. By such as have "gone over the ground," (we speak topographically,) they will be read with additional interest. Our present extract relates to Napoleon's Pillar in Place Vendôme at Paris, an engraving of which appeared in No. 297 of the MIRROR. It alludes to the removal of the statue of Napoleon, which formerly decorated the acroterion of the column:

Arriving at the Rue Caetiglione, I saw a man mounted on the acroterion of the column, in the Place Vendôme, attempting, with a large hammer, to break the colossal statue of Bonaparte off at the ankles. The little Victory which it held in the left hand had already been thrown down, as this work was begun about three o'clock. A ladder, placed in the gallery above the capital, gave access to the statue, round the neck of which a rope was fast-

ened, reaching to the ground. After the man had continued hammering for some time, the mob below made some ineffectual efforts to pull it down. Two men again attacked with hammers the ankles of the statue : while they were thus employed, a fellow mounted on its shoulders, sat upon the head, amused himself with pulling the jackdaws' nests out of the crown of laurel, and throwing them to the mob below ; then getting forward, committed an insult of the most offensive and indecorous nature upon the face of the august Napoleon ;^{*} and remounting on the head, he waved a white handkerchief, and cried " Vive le roi !" These feats were encouraged by the shouts and clapping of the surrounding multitude. Another rope was brought and fixed to the statue ; to the lower extremities of the ropes several others were fastened to facilitate the united efforts of the mob, who, after making several vain attempts to overthrow the statue, desisted at night-fall. I then approached the column ; the keeper, who was within the iron railing which surrounds it, told me that ("on dit") all this was doing by order of the emperor of Russia. A large pitcher of wine was on the steps, glasses of which a man was offering with great civility. A sanguine, after drinking, said, " See what it is to be treated by *gens comme il faut* ; they provide glasses, while that *canaille*, who are now kicked out, suffered us to drink as we could." The general belief was, that this attempt to pull down the statue of Napoleon was made by order of the allies ; no one appeared to feel any indignation, and most certainly the greater number of those assembled were pleased. M. de Maubreuil was the person who excited the mob to the deed, although M. Sosthenes de Rochefoucault arrogated to himself the merit of it : he did, however, distribute money as well as M. de Maubreuil.

DUTCH COMFORTS.

(From a "Musical Ramble.")

IT was on a very warm and wet Sunday that I had the first taste of the delights of Dutch scenery and a Dutch atmosphere, driving along a road as smooth as

* Among the pieces of *captured brass*, above thirty culverins, of the finest cinque-ante work, that were preserved in the arsenal at Vienna, were melted to enter into the composition of this monument. M. Gerard, one of the twenty-six sculptors employed in making the clay models for the bas-reliefs which cover it, assured me that every one of these ancient culverins was better worth preserving as a work of art than the whole of the column. They were adorned with battles, trophies, and rich armorial bearings of the finest chiseling, and yet Demon, who, as sole director of the execution of the column, might have saved them, or prevented their being melted, passes for a man of taste !

a carpetted drawing-room, occasionally embellished with straight rows of stunted poplars, and bounded by a canal on one side, and a ditch on the other. There was no getting out of sight of water. In the vicinity of Amsterdam, the ostentatious country residences of the city merchants thrust themselves upon the notice ; and, as though the cockney idea of rurality had sailed here, in the lodge, at the entrance of his grounds, sat the wealthy burgher, with his powdered head and red face, spending his Sunday afternoon in smoking, revolving his affairs, and looking at the stage-coaches, while his wife and daughters, in the same room, were melancholy over their tea ; to complete the fascination and salubrity of this apartment, a stagnant pool, with an appropriate "green mantle," lay under the windows. Money in Holland cannot procure absolute comfort, but only a mitigation of wretchedness ; it is a place in which, as some satirist has said, one goes "*on board*." The cigars, chafing-dishes, and dram-bottles, with which the inhabitants, who are ever foaming with the ague, parry its thrusts, are to a stranger more intolerable than the damp air against which they are thought antidotes.

The Dutch may be equally wise and flower-loving, but they are neither handsome nor agreeable ; their conversation is as lumbering as their language and formation.—There is no German opera at present in Amsterdam, the death of the principal singers having put a stop to it. At the Dutch theatre the audience is not select ; whistling, hallooing, and fighting, absolutely unknown in German play-houses, flourish there.

JOHN BULL.

FROM Bruges to Ghent, a distance of thirty miles, you are transported by a second and more splendid barge, which will be found an agreeable mode of conveyance : the *table d'hôte* might satisfy any city alderman, or even *gourmet* from the West end ; but, being served at one o'clock, it would only be considered as a *déjeuner à la fourchette*. An anecdote is told of a certain John Bull, who was so delighted with the good cheer and the agreeable company he met with in this finely gilded barge (a present from Bonaparte to the city of Ghent), that, instead of proceeding on his travels, he agreed with the skipper to remain on board until his funds were expended, returning to Tooley-street,—his head crammed with broken French, and his stomach with Schiedam,—an all-accomplished traveler !—A Companion for the Visitor to Brussels.

TYROLESE CARRIER.

In the Tyrol, the lighter sort of merchandise is transported in a singular equipage, a light two-wheeled cart, to which are yoked (tandem-fashion) a small mule, a man, and a woman; the mule, equipped with bells, is placed in the shafts; the male biped is in the middle, and the fair one leads. One evening, says a recent tourist, we overtook one of these machines, and halted to examine so novel an equipage. We found the proprietor an intelligent fellow. Having offered him *schnapps* and a pipe, which put him into great good humour, he told us he had, for thirty-five years, been a carrier between his native village and two neighbouring ones; that he made two voyages a week, and during the above period had lost not a single day by sickness, although his cattle were sometimes knocked up. "My journey," continued our swaager between his whiffs, "is rather more than two miles (eleven English) besides occasional callings on my customers out of my line, so that I am five hours at work. I have had three wives. My first proved too delicate for barrenness, and lived but a few years. She left me, however, two *leinchen* (children). My son is a soldier, and my daughter keeps my house. My second spouse, a strong-boned *frau*, had some *geli*, and made a contract that she was not to be treated like a mule. She sat at home and took to *schnapps*. One day she dropped down dead, while I was on my journey. My last wife, being a tailor, made more money by her trade than by assisting me, so that I have never been able to get cart-work out of any of my wives, and am obliged to hire a labourer. The wench you see has been with me three years, and is both strong and willing. But I am getting old and stiff in my joints, and hope my son will get his discharge, and take to my trade. I have scraped together a little money, and wish to retire." This sort of harangue, interrupted occasionally by *schnapps* and filling his pipe, lasted an hour, and caused my friend much amusement, in which, from my ignorance of German, I could not participate. The fellow was a humorist, and, from the colour of his nose, a *lau väsent*. During his labours of thirty-five years, at the rate of fifty miles a week, he had dragged this cart eighty thousand miles! — He had passed his grand climacteric, and yet, in spite of pretty frequent attacks on the brandy bottle, to which he confessed he was addicted, he was as vigorous and as fresh as a man of five and forty. — *Musical Ramble.*

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKESPEARE.

"MARCH OF MIND."

The following is a genuine *moresca* of "the young idea": —

Farther I ham Very Bad of For chose
I only ask one question That Is If you
Wil give me one Shilling I can git a Pair
as good as new I man Sir your o Regent
unble Sirvant William V

Really, it is high time for the schoolmaster to be abroad.

We must not forget the "children of a larger growth," who have lately superscribed the doors of an Exhibition, "Entrance" and "Egress": Sooner than such pedantry had appeared, application should have been made to the Board of Green Cloth, or the Court-Newsman.

I MET with the following epitaph in the churchyard of South Petherwin, in Cornwall, and upon inquiry found it was written by an ancestor of one of the present representatives of that county.
Beneath this stone lies Humphry and
Jean,
Who, together rest in peace,
Living indeed,
They disagreed,
But now all quarrels cease.

THE Gulf of Negropont, in Greece, ebbs and flows seven times a day. Aristotle not being able to give any rational account of this phenomenon, drowned himself therein, saying, "If I cannot understand thee, thou shalt take me."

G. H. C.

AT Dunchurch, near Coventry, is an inn, called the *Duncow*, which supplies its landlord with the milk of existence. He is actually named *Dunsalf*; the product of his barrels may be therefore not unaptly termed, *mother's milk*. C. F. E.

STEAM BOAT CHIT-CHAT.
"We soon shall land," said Captain B.
"For Margate Pier, I plainly see."
"The Peer of Margate!" said a beau,
(Who perfum'd was from top to toe)
"Where is he, captain? quickly tell—
I know his lordship very well!"

G. G.